The Conning Tower

Meditations On an Early October Morning.

How cool and clear the morn! How sere And scarlet are the trees! How bright and wonderful the sun On mornings such as these!

The Palisades, their lights and shades, In the early morning light!

The dew-sprent lawn in the autumn dawn-There is no lovelier sight!

To see the Drive at half-past five! To see the dawning sky!

Those sights sublime you ought some time To see. And so ought I.

The argument as to man's and Nature's achievements was raging. "Nonsense!" said X, "think of all the ugly houses there are. And not a tree that isn't beautiful." "True," said Y, "but think how few are the trees you can live in, and how few the houses you can't." And then the argument, like most arguments on incomparable things, started all over again.

(From the Marion (Nam | Record)
The groom-in-he is a young man of sterling character, has taught accord successful
terms of school, has written a number of excellent pieces for the papers, and his taken an
utile part in local politics. Being a young man of ability and ambition a successful sareer is
under part in local politics. He many friends extend their hearty congratulations on having

It occurs to us to wonder whether the office-building owning voters against suffrage, believing that woman should not lose her charm and that her place is the parlor, will turn over the scrubbing

The brave songs of an elder day are gone, but not our love for them. Most of the songs we recall. Nothing can ever make us forget such lines as (from "My Mother Was a Lady"):

And when a pretty waitress Brought them a tray of food, They spoke to her insultingly, In manner rather rude.

And (from "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me") :

"Is that you, Madge?" I said to her. She quickly turned away. "Don't turn away. Madge, I am still your friend. To-night I'm going back to see the old folks, and I thought Perhaps some message you would like to send."

And yesterday Mr. J. H. McGough, of Providence, sent us the words of "The Widow's Plea for Her Son," by J. W. Cook. Here, with acknowledgments to whoever owns the copyright, it is:

I strolled into a court house not many miles from here, A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near; The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray, And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.

The boy addressed his honor, while the tears ran down his cheek; Said he: "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head, And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son, And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done. Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad; Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown, And politely asked his honer if he'd order her to sit down. He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed, His honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.

The widow's eyes finshed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale; The said: "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.

Altho' my boy is guilty. I own his crime is bad,

But whe's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?" The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did says 'I'm sorry to sit on this bench and see you here to-day;

I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown. For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own. I therefore will discharge you," and the court than gave a cheer-

"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there. I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad, For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."

Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son, men, remember, it's the first crime that he Don't send her boy to prison, for that would drive her mad

Old Glen Flory is getting to be such a gambler that he wants somebody to produce an opera written by Isidore Luckstone, in which Frank Chance and Jack Hazzard are to be starred. The first performance, we venture, is to be at Deal Casino. In May, of course.

If the Copyreader Had Had His Way.

Pilgrim Dads, Storm Tossed, Seeking Faith's Pure Shrine Land Near Provincetown.

Brave Band of Britons, Questing Religious Freedom, Reach Rock-bound Coast After Perilous Voyage.

NIGHT HANGS DARK AS EXILE BAND MOORS BARK ON WILD NEW ENGLAND SHORE.

Sturdy Survivors Found Society of Mayflower

By FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Provincetown, Dec. 21.-Poking her nose through the log, the barkentine Mayflower, of Southampton, Eng., Jones, master, limped into port late to-night. On board were men with hoary hair and women with fearless eyes, 102 in all. During the terrific storm they sang.

Asked why they had made the journey they alleged religious freedom to be the goal they sought. Among those on board were William Bradford, Jno. Carow, Jno. Alden, Peregrine White and Miles Standish, who organized, shortly after landing, the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

The Mayflower carried an immense cargo of antique

When lovely, as the poet calls her, woman gets the ballot (1) things will improve, (2) grow worse or (3) remain as they are. One result only are we certain of: there will be a tremendous decline in the postal receipts.

We count that day as a total loss when we fail to receive at least six letters containing suff propaganda.

"Our idea of a hyphenated foreigner," write T. W. S. and C. M. R., Jr., "is one who uses chopsticks to eat spaghetti."

At a wearily late hour last night, New Jerrey seemed to have roted the way we thought she'd vote.

F. P. A. New Jersey! There she stands.

MRS. M'CHESNEY **REACHES STAGE**

Ethel Barrymore Plays the Character Created by Edna Ferber.

BRIGHT LINES FAIL TO SAVE POOR PLAY

No Elements of Dramatic Interest in New Production at Lyceum Theatre.

"Our Mrs. McChesney," a dramatiza-tion of Edna Ferber's McChesney stories, by George V. Hobart and Edna Forbest States

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Harry SlightJames H. Morrie
Viera SterwoodLota Phili
Pearlie Schultz
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T. A. Duck. fr
Ben Griebler
Emma Micchesney Ethel Barrymo
Jesste
Hastin StitchAnna Ret
Joe Greenbaum Thomas Revnol-
Abei 1. Protokin A. Romaine Callen
Mr. Periman
10a Wenzel
Annie
Martin Earn Enrigh
Saria

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

"Our Mrs. McChesney," which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre last night, has as its star Ethel Barrymore, an actress of exceeding charm. The play contains much bright dialogue and a number of amusing character skeehes. It is refreshingly wholesome. At this point the defence of the play must rest.

We think that "Our Mrs. McChesney" is the most incpt material which has been brought to the stage this season. As people were fond of saying a year or two ago about a book, a person, or what not, "It's not immoral, it's unmoral," Just so "Our Mrs. McChesney" is not bad drama, it simply isn't drama leher. Book by A. M. Willner and Bob.

Leher. Book by A. M. Willner and Bob.

Leher. Book by A. M. Willner and Bob.

HAS MUCH CHARM

FAMOUS TROPHY LOST

War Responsible for Disappearance of Horse Show Cup.

The Canadian Challenge Cup, which was to have been the prize for a jumping contest at the coming horse show, is lost, according to a cable message from Lord Decles received by James T. Hayes, secretary of the National Horse Show Association, yesterday.

It was taken to England in 1912 by of the fifth Dragoon Guards. He was instructed to forward it to Libutenant Leher. Book by A. M. Willner and Bob.

Leher. Book by A. M. Willner and Bob.

HAS MUCH CHARM

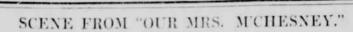
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Ethel Barrymore and Hugh Dillman in new play at the Lyceum Theatre.

	More	E-W155 A.	0.00
	Hans Ketterer	ere Muli	(A)
	Count Max Selemningen	Harry C	
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ing contest at the coming horse show, is lost, according to a cable message from Lord Decise received by James T. Hayes, secretary of the National Horse Show Association, yesterday.

It was taken to England in 1912 by the winner, Captain Mervin Crawshay, of the 5th Dragoon Gunris. He was instructed to forward it to Lloatenant Baron de Mesion, of the French army, who won it in 1913. Lord Decise reports that Captain Crawshay has been killed at the front, that no traces of Lieutenant Baron De Mesion have been found since he enlisted, and that all efforts to find the trophy have been

TRIBUNE THRILLS **PUT IN PICTURES**

"How Molly Made Good" Is Exciting Story of a Reporter's Life.

Centemeri Gloves

"The Seville"

A kid glove of the highest quality for two dollars. Very smart with tailored 2.00 suits or sport costumes.

This glove has strong color contrasts. If black, it is ornamented in white; if white, in black. Heavy crochet embroidery on the back, as well as pipings and bindings, in the contrasting effect. One-clasp length. P. K. sewn.

Special Values at the Bargain Counter, on the Second Floor.

296 Fifth Ave. Below Blow 31st Street

The state of the property of t

DOBSON CHARMS

IN SONG RECITAL

IN SONG RECITAL

Newcomers Play Pianoforte Duets Agreeably.

AMERICAN FOLK
BALLADS CALLED FOR

How the Number of Recitals
Might Be Considerably
Curtailed.

the present time, all promising or threatening to give recitals. What a saving of time and labor it might be if they were lumped! But this, we fear, is mere frivolity and unworthy of the record of yesterday's doings which we set out to make. The playing of Miss Milinowski and Mr. Cumpson was in some respects highly creditable. There were evidences of sympathetic understanding between them and of nice musical sensibilities. That they were not always in agreement as to the beat, illustrating in a way what Dr. von Bülow ence described as a characteristic of women planists in general in that they did not let their right hands know what their left hands were doing, must be set down on the debit side of the account, but this may well have been due in part to the nervousness attendant on a first appearance before strangers. Lovers of the pianoforte literature, which they are nere to exploit, may well desire their better acquaintance.